

9, Burroughs place
Boston, May 18. 1877.

Dear friend Garrison;— I feel that I must join my sorrow, grief, & tears with yours in the death of our dear, good Edmund Quincy, the tidings of which fell so heavily on my heart at noon to-day. A friend who rode in the cars to Dedham with him yest. aftⁿ. said he seemed as well as usual. But in fact he was not feeling well; for he told the man, who came with carriage to meet him, to drive quickly to the house, for he was not well. ~~He~~ He had to be assisted, almost borne, into the house; his daughter, not at home, nor any member of the family; he was laid upon a sofa in the parlor and died almost immediately. I have no direct information of the particulars; but the disorder is said to have been apoplexy. I had counted on his being one of the longest-lived of any of our old Antislavery Company. — even perhaps ^{on} his reaching his father's years. The world seems to me so much the poorer for his loss! —

I went out to your house last Tuesd. aftn. to give you my farewells, and my most heartfelt sympathies. On the very eve of your departure, one of your own children, one out of your very special circles, one of your expected fellow-travellers struck down by a sharp and sudden blow! - our hearts were wrung for you, and for Wendell, and Mrs. McKim, and for all who loved her. A blessed relief from disease and pain, for her, - but oh, the void that is left. And now how lonely ~~will~~ will E. Quincy's daughter be - and what a desolation of her home in the loss of such a father. ~~Oh~~ Oh, for an overcoming faith, and the vision of those sweet fields where "everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flowers".

Go, dear Garrison, with the blessings of many hearts upon you, and upon your good faithful son Frank. Comfort and gratify the numerous friends who will have warm welcomes for you, and refresh your own wearied bodies and spirits; and be sure

of warmest greetings from your friends
here when you come back, as we trust you
will with great gains of health and
spiritual power.

I have tried to think of some little gift
for you that would be helpful or pleasant
in your absence; and at last took a friend's
suggestion to send you a little writing-paper,
— for your journeynaps, — which I hope Frank
may take along to you; and also hoping that
you have not already supplied yourself
with a sufficiently ~~large~~ ^{supply} of the same.

I know the voyage can bring you no
pleasure; but I trust you will get through
with it without very much suffering. Take
the best love of all ~~my~~ family, and be sure
our thoughts and remembrance will go along
with you. If you see any of the Webbs,
or Saml. Haughton, or Mary Estlin, or the
Wighams, or M. Steinthal, or Wm. H.
Channing (who is now at Manchester. is it?)
please give my ~~love~~ love to them. Have you

been the memoir-volume of James
Haughton? His son S. was so kind as
to send me a copy. Will you be so good
as to express to him my thanks for it, and
my respects, if you see him? I intend to
write to him, & do the same, bye & bye.

Once again, dear friend, goodbye;-
God bless you. The blessings of many, who
were ready to perish, have long been yours.
May you see of the travail of your soul
and be satisfied - even in this mortal life.

With love to Frank anew,
Ever your friend

Samuel May,